THE

Dutch Imbergo,

Upon their State

FLEET;

OR,

Newvs from Holland.

A

POEM.

By *John Crouch*, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed by *Edward Crowch*, dwelling on *Snow-hill*. 1665

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Here are our Mighty *Dutch*? ſtill Weather-bound,
Although the Wind has mov'd the *Compaſs* round;
Are the ſcar'd *Foxes* lurking in their Holes,
Or working under-ground, like politick *Moles*?
Appear, and open your vſurious *Baggs*,
Pluck up your Breeches, or pull down your *Flagg*:.
Come with your *Giant* too, you ſent of late
To mince our coyne, and magnifie your *State*.
Is old *Trumps* broome (hung up to ſweep the *Seas*)
Imploy'd to bruſh off ſwamres of *Belgick* fleas?
Are you aſleep? or has our floating *Wood*
Dam'd up the *Channells* of your *Seas*, and Blood?
When the warm ſeaſon calls you out to meet,
Has your cold *Terrors* frozen in your *Fleet*?

If ye have any right, or courage, come,
We shall allow you *Mare liberum*.
We'l release all our glorious *Selden* writ,
And wave the waighty moments of his *Wit*:
The Sea (made by our *Cruse*, and *Valour*, wide)
Is narrow'd by your *Cowardize*, and *Pride*,
You make a *Mare clasum*, what? must we
Break up your Bankes to set the *Ocean* free?
Let's to that *Controversie* put an end:
Justice, or *Warre*; be *Eenemy* or *Freinds*
Ye know what paines your learned *Grotius* took
De jure belli; fight, or burn your Book.
Are the *States Generall* dumb by free consent
At one *Vote* of a loyal *Parliament*?
Amaz'd that our State *Chymists* can afford
Such vast supplies, coyn *Millions* with a word:
Is *Amsterdam*, which us'd to be so crank,
(Boasting the rich Mines of her moun'tenous Bank)
Fal'ne sick (not of her Pestilence) but guilt,
Having no innocent blood left to be spilt?
Or (what is worse) is the transplanted *Plague*
Remov'd from *Amsterdam* unto the *Hague*?
Where the great Tradesmen all their Plotts disburse,
Unite the *People* and divide their *Purse*.
All Artlesse grown? no Pilot fit to steer?
Where are your souls, neither in *Heav'n* nor here?
Do Gunpowder and Brandee mix in vaine
To thaw the frozen Region of your braine?
Are ye afraid the Brittish Oakes ye bought
(Thinking to break our Ribs before we fought)
Should with your *Guilt* sink, or your *Judgment* burn,
Or by instinct of Simpathy returne?

As

As once our *Phenix* (which a fatal hour
Had captivated by unequal power)
From midst of all your *Scretch-Owles* took her wing,
And flew home, to enjoy a kinder *Spring*:
An act rare as the *Bird*, the *Englisb* will
(Though sometimes *Rebells*) yet be *Englisb* still:
The wiser sound this dis-harmonious *pause*,
Your Ships are strong, your hearts weak as your Cause,
VVhere is that fury sunk? your *Soveraignes* Fleets
Wrap'd all in flameing *Sayles* for Winding sheets?
While freind to both, th' amazed *Brittish* shore,
Trembled to see her locks bedew'd with Gore.
None to succeed the generous *Vantrump*,
Who fiercely grappl'd with th' omnipotent *Rump*?
(For so deluded *Wights*, they thought t' have been
But *Heaven* is more omnipotent than *Sin*)
That both were stout, is no prodigious thing,
Rebells will fight with *Rebells*, or a *King*.
Restore what ye have gaind by Fraud and Stealth;
Pyrats and Robbers of both *Indias* wealth,
Hire not the *Blacks* your Neighbours to betray,
Whites in your face, in soules more *Blacks* than they;
Nor catch the *Guiny* natives with your Ginnes,
Reform'd more *Heathens* by your Christian sins.
When will a Dutch-man *in one vessell hold*
His Honesty and *Trade*, his *Faith*, and *Gold*?
While man has mem'ry, may that hellish Plott
Of curs'd *Amboyna* never be forgott:
Where you pretend a treacherous surprize,
First to betray, and then to tiranize,
Racks, Flames, and Tortures, all so exquisite;
Seemd nor to shew your *Mallice* but your *Wit*:

By tedious *Torments*, forcing us confeſs
What we ne're thought, *Made guilty by diſtreſſes*:
For after ſtrict ſearch (and a *Dutch mans* Eye
Rub'd with revenge is quick as *Iealouſie*)
Envy could find no weapons of offence;
Nothing ro ſtorm your walls but *Innocence*!
But you that *Innocent* blood in peace have ſpilt,
Doubtleſs delight to ſacrifice to Guilt!
Are all the *Men* and Ships deſtroy'd laſt Warre?
Sunk in your mem'ries too, no warning ſcarre?
Could a poore Epileptick Body (dead
Without the living influence of a Head)
Your numerous, and and experienc'd *Navies* beat,
Or force them to the ſhame of a Retreat?
And ſhall not *Brittains Monarchy* doe more
Then it's ſick *Anarchie* had done before?
Convince us why *Republicks* Priviledg'd are
T'vſerpe the wide *Sea*, and the wider *Ayre*;?
Is the whole *Eaſtern World* your propper due,
Which *Rome* ne're had, when ſhe had Us, and you?
Yet your *Republick* is a divers Thing,
The *Romans* had two *Conſuls* though no *King*,
They durſt not ſtart too farr, reſolv'd to be
Within the proſpect of a *Monarchie*:
The prudence of thoſe ſober Ages knew
Greater the *Monſter* was, the more *heads* grew.
Two *Perſons* Rul'd, with one miſterious Will;
The *Roman State* was thus *Monarchik* ſtill:
Two *Conſuls* Raign'd, One the whole Worke did do;
Rul'd both the *Publick*, and his *fellow* too.
When dire Confuſions muſt in time reſtore

You to the Thraldomes ye bewail'd before.
Did the communicative *Sun* create
All *Spices*, to make Insence for one *State*?
Your *Pride*, and *Anerice* will worke your bane;
Where no Society is, there's little Gaine!
Grasp what ye well may hold, 'Tis they extend
Too farr, who reach their Ruine, not their End:
Though you hold forth a single joynted Hand,
Your fingers start, and disunited stand.
We all admire *Divinity* in *One*,
But not in every *Concrete Vnion*.
You think the Narrow *Seas* for us too much,
Yet the whole *Globe* too little for the *Dutch*.
Good Freinds Print *Bookes*, and let the *Mapps* alone;
Accoumpts not what you Sell, but buy, your owne.
Thus, while fair Liberty you give, and crave,
You would be Free, *to make the World a Slave.*
Tell me (then *Low-Dutch*) when you were as bigg
With *Common-Wealth*, as ever *Sow* with Pigg,
Who your blest *Midwife* was; I trow, a *Queen*,
Or you had never *High*, and *Mighty* been.
Who was it raiſ'd you to this monſtrous Height?
Taught ye at firſt, not to Rebell, but Fight?
You have forgot our *Sydnies*, and our *Veres*,
Our *Monck*, and *Oxford*, *Commoners* and *Peeres*;
Who ſhed their rich blood for your Infant *State*;
Firſt to procure your Freedom, than your Hate.
Doe not ſo farr degenerate, to conclude
Your utmoſt Period with Ingratitude.
Ingratitude! O Heavens! Has not that word,
An edge as ſharp as your old Generalls ſwood;
Does not that brave heroick *Princes* Ghoſt?

State

Stare in your faces? tell you all is loſt?
If you with *England* fight or ſhall invade
Her Royal Rights, or check her *Popular Trade*;
If you by *Spanniſh* Gabells ſhall annoy
Your Fellow Merchants; and deveſt his Boy.
Tell me ye men of breeding is it meet
Or pleaſant for the Head to kiſs the feet?
Does that new Blood quarter'd in every veine,
His or the *High and mighties* honour ſtaine?
Know the young *Prince* is more than *Orange*, now,
He may remit, Great *Brittaine* muſt not bow,
Be juſt to *Him*, and *Vs*, the Quarrell ends,
Silver will ſoder all, and make us freinds.
May never *Peſt* from *Amſterdam* remove,
Till ye reſtore him to your Faith and Love!
Meane time our Loyall *Duke* does kindly waite,
To know the pleaſures of the *Mighty State*,
Hopeing this favour youl retaliate too,
To ſend him word what *Amſterdam* will do

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